

Cho OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA  
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. III

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1919

No. 12



A Buddy's Best Comrade—HIS MOTHER

# Buddy, Here's Your Newspaper—

It's THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN  
and it's your paper because—

It gives you the news of the world when you want it.  
It maintains a Washington Staff Correspondent who  
reports by wire Army and Navy doings, acts of Con-  
gress and the Secretary of War that affect you.  
It tells you what is going on in the sporting world.  
It keeps you laughing with Mutt and Jeff.

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# The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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B

VOL. III.

Saturday, July 12, 1919

No. 12

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice,  
Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seventeen  
weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

"WANT SOME LIQUOR? ITS DIRT CHEAP."

If a seedy village bird or a dinge springs this on you some evening next week, remember this tip from us. He and his bottle may be full of sudden death, and you are a candidate for the morgue if you fall for him, or it may be just harmless "lightnin'," and in that case we can't rant, 'cause we like a nip ourselves.

Here's the real story on this cheap drink business as the Chief of the Laboratory Service gave it to us. There are three common kinds of alcohol. One, grain alcohol, is produced by distilling fermented corn and other grains—that's not bad stuff if its worked up right. A second kind is produced by the distillation of wood. This wood alcohol is highly poisonous. Very small quantities taken into the system may cause total blindness and slightly larger quantities will cause death. Still another kind, denatured alcohol, is grain alcohol, to which some poisonous substance, such as wood alcohol, gasoline, or formaldehyde has been added. It is also, of course, highly poisonous. Denatured and wood alcohol are intended for commercial purposes only. They are not taxed by the government and are therefore much cheaper than grain alcohol, which is taxed several dollars a gallon.

Grain alcohol is naturally the only kind which is properly used in alcoholic drinks. Unfortunately, however, ignorant and unscrupulous men often make liquor of denatured or wood alcohol. They do not know or do not care about the fatal results which are almost sure to follow the use of drinks of such alcohol. Their only interest is in the dollars in the place of good liquor.

Satiated with dreams of world domination, four nations, arm in arm, reeled down the highway of civilization trampling upon art and science, every God-given right, and crushing out life and the hopes of men. The world looked on aghast. Then suddenly the knees of Bulgaria gave way. It lurched and fell. Turkey, without support on that side staggered on a short way, upheld by the other two, before it stumbled and crashed to earth, dragging with it Austria-Hungary. One was left, the greatest sot of all, wobbling from side to side. And the Imperial German Empire tumbled and all lay there in the gutter stupified—a hideous example of military inebriety that future generations will not forget.



After every war of any importance there have been formed organizations with the definite aim of uniting soldiers who fought for a common cause against a common enemy. However, there has never been an organization whose scope was so wide, whose aims were so ambitious, whose membership was so large as this American Legion of Honor. Since it proposes to enlist in its ranks all the soldiers and warworkers who took part in the Great War, every soldier and warworker is anxious to know just what this organization is and what it proposes to do.

The Constitution of the Legion defines its purpose and aims as follows: "The objects of this organization are: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

It is true that these phrases are general and seem to lack concreteness; also that they simply define the aims and ideals of every good American citizen, and not simply those of the soldier and the war-worker. However, it is true that those who fought for their country, who willingly risked all in the fight for the principles for which democracy, and particularly American democracy, stands, will naturally keep a much more jealous eye upon these aims and ideals. They have preserved a treasure for prosperity and they are organizing to protect it.

The final casualty had to come some time—why not now? One American magazine appeared this month past with the gay soldier-type portrayed on front cover. Let your mind drift to the types you've seen for the last 30 months—what army did they belong to, anyway; squads righting all over the newstands? They hardly ever dressed regulation, what with officer's insignia on "ginks" who were obviously no better than corporals, misplaced pockets, sport shirt effects, impossible packs and whiskey flask canteen. A great get up, verily, but not issue stuff. Next month—may it be exclusively that hardier-than-ever-perennial, Lady of the Cover.

It is against national dangers of every sort that this Legion is going to be on its guard. Anything which will tend to destroy our national spirit, that will tend to corrupt our political ideals, that will tend to endanger the peace of the world, that will tend to arouse class antagonism, class-war, class hostility, that will tend to lower the standards of public conduct, that will interfere with the working out of our national destiny, that will interfere with the betterment of political, social and economic conditions in the country will invite the opposition of the Legion, that is, of five million determined American soldiers, who know what they want and who know now how to go about getting it.

# SPORTS

## THAT KENILWORTH GAME

This has to do with a ball game played on July 2nd on our home grounds, between our aggregation and the sportsmen from Kenilworth. The much tooted team from the neighboring hospital—much tooted at the said hospital—were almost handed the surprise of their tumultuous career, when they ran against our newly re-organized outfit, and only escaped a drubbing through benevolence of our late popular umpire. Starting the game two to one the favorites, Kenilworth, slunk back home taking with them a most uncertain victory, their star twirler, Mela, batted from the mound in the first inning, and their heavy sluggers held helpless by Carter.

The ninth inning opened with the score 5 to 4 in our favor. An Oteen victory seemed assured as Carter was pitching great ball, having continually baffled Kenilworth's mighty "Swats"—Sanders, Miller and Indorf. Indorf opened the inning by reaching the first sack safely on a bum throw; Sanders couldn't see Carter's breaks and fanned. Caldwell flied to Cope for the second out. Kenilworth was almost through and a bitter pill it was to swallow, for the next man up was Miller, who had struck out on his two previous visits to the plate. But forewarned is forearmed and friend Miller took no further chances. We should say he didn't! He manfully stepped up to the plate and—the ball hit him. A ball headed straight over the plate, for a strike hit him on the leg—while he was jumping out of the way of it, we presume—mind you, we do not say it was done purposely. Oh, no! The man advanced to first and the ump sustained the play. The game was immediately protested by our manager as under the rules of baseball a batter interfering with the pitched ball is out, which would have made it three and the game ours. The play continued under protest and the next man at bat hit the pill for three bases, scoring the two runners on the bases. The game ended 6 to 5 in favor of Kenilworth, pending the protest.

Our team outplayed Kenilworth in every department. Cope played a sensational game in the field, pulling down several almost certain extra base wallops. He is undoubtedly the best out-fielder in these parts. Gburczyk at short, played airtight ball and did wonders at bat, getting two triples. Carter pitched his best game of the season, which needs no further comment.

We look forward to the next Kenilworth encounter, when we expect to see them taken down a peg.

The line-up follows:

Oteen — Gburczk ss, McKethan cf, Crim 1b, Simmons 3b, Downey c, Delaney 2b, Cope lf, Mickels rf, Carter p.

Kenilworth—Indorf ss, Sanders 2b, Caldwell lf, Miller rf, Richardson 1b, Donnelly c, Davidson cf, Gordon 3b, Bauman, Mela p.



WE TRIM THE ALL STARS

Last Saturday afternoon we met and defeated the Asheville All Stars on our home grounds, by the score of 7 to 2. The game was marked by the good playing of our boys. McClellan, who pitched, only allowed the visitors four hits, none going for more than a single. In McClellan the team has another reliable pitcher, who no doubt will alternate with Carter. It might be mentioned that the "All Stars" is the same team that easily defeated Kenilworth on two separate occasions.

The line-up follows:

Oteen—Gburczk ss, Lanning cf, Crim 1b, Simmons 3b, Downey c, Delaney 2b, Cope lf, Mickels rf, Barnish rf, and McClellan p.

All Stars—Johnson 1b, Coggins 2b, Alison 3b, Roberts c, Lyse lf, Redfern rf, Murray ss, Bryson p, and Simpson rf.

## A. E. F. ATHLETES MAKE CLEAN SWEEP

The Inter-Allied games closed this week at the Pershing Stadium, France, with presentation of medals by Gen. Pershing to the winners. The American track team carried off the President's trophy in the last series of events. The American baseball team beat the Canadian team 12 to 0, the deciding game of the series. Gen. Pershing shook hands with some 500 of the winning American athletes. A crowd of 30,000 and three United States bands celebrated the American triumph in track and field events, broadly cheering buck private Sol Butler and Brig. General Wolf, the broad jump and rifle champions, respectively.

The Americans proved conclusively their superiority in no uncertain manner. In the seventeen events contested on track and field only two athletes from foreign countries were able to win a first place. America totaled a pointage of 92—the nearest competitor being France with 12.

The games consumed a period of three weeks and were held in the Sadium, given in honor of Gen. Pershing by the French. The idea of the series formulated in the mind of Raymond B. Fosdick, chief of Recreational activities, and as soon as the armistice became effective Fosdick started all sorts of local series and meets to arouse enthusiasm for the big event just realized.

The Pershing Stadium is four times the size of the Harvard bowl; has a 880-yard straightaway and a mile circular track. Men competing in the meet were given leave and expenses to Paris, and allowed time off for their training. The games, it cannot be denied, have been the means of greater fraternization among the men of the allied armies, than any other factor could have been. The Americans endeared themselves to the heart of all by their clean sportsmanship and superior prowess.

The closing ceremonies in the stadium were marked by the playing of the Star-Spangled Banner, and the firing of Pershing's international salute.

## RED CROSS CONVALESCENT HOUSE AND ITS ACTIVITIES



1. Relatives of critically ill boys find sleeping rooms and rest rooms in the Red Cross House. 2. Playing off the finals in a shuffle-board tournament. 3. The deciding game in the checker contest. 4. At all times of day there is a group around the piano. 5. The Red Cross House is made more attractive by its grove of oaks and pines. 6. One large, small feature in constant use is the electric iron. 7. Another home-like feature used every hour in the day, is the sewing machine on the balcony. 8. Two typewriters are kept busy from opening hour to closing time.

*"To uplift and to build"—*



# Reconstruction

CAPT. SAMUEL M. NORTH, S. C., U. S. ARMY  
CHIEF, RECONSTRUCTION SERVICE

## THE AIDES SEE BASEBALL

In the aides' barracks last Wednesday afternoon, rest hour was being strenuously observed by the "H. A. Shushers," and as effectively disturbed by the Bowery Bums and the Troubadours of the Mandolin and Uke (these have always been with us), when the deathly stillness that had just been achieved as the Troubadours paused for a fresh start, and the Bummest Bums choked on their own giggles, was completely upset by the bang of a screen door and the hip-hip-hooray of an entering aide.

The "shushers" gave it up.

The Bowery Bums sat up.

"Baseball!" shouted the aide.

"Where?"

"Here?"

"When?"

"Four o'clock"

"O, dear, we can't go."

"O, yes, we can."

"Who said so?"

"The Colonel."

"No! The Colonel?"

"Yes, the Colonel."

"God bless our Colonel!"

So four o'clock found us to a man on the rooters' bench at the game. And didn't we enjoy that game! Except for the shouting, we held our breath from the last half of the third inning (Oteen in the lead 5-4), through the critical seventh, clear through to the fatal ninth.

"Wish the game weren't so close," gasped one of us along about the last half of the eighth, "and then I wouldn't have to get so excited."

But it was worth it—even the sunburn and the freckles and the peelings on our nose. Just give us the chance to go through it all again! We want to see Cope catch out there in the Suburban District around left field. We are sure he was a commuter once to have acquired that speed. And we're going to lend Lt. K'chew our high-heeled pumps so's he can reach the balls that

Bauman places so skilfully about his neck and ears. And we'd go A. W. O. L. any day to see said Lt. and Joe Downey hit three-baggers again.

It was a good game, and we are perfectly sure that Oteen would have won, only, as one of us said, defensively.

"We had only ten players on our side. Don't they usually have twelve on a team?"

Anxious aide: "How many halves in an inning?"

Sporting aide: "Are the odds even?"

Enthusiastic aide: "Cope, did you say? I'm going around to see him. Where does he live?"

Enthusiastic aide: "Let's organize an aides' team and challenge some one!"

Hungry aide (after the game): "Well, we've missed out on our suppers. Let us console ourselves with the fruit of this tree." And so saying Eve ate another apple.



It is not generally realized to what magnitude the Reconstruction Apiary has attained. In numbers there are 30 hives with all paraphanalia for scientific bee keeping. Experiments in dividing colonies, housing swarms, and preventing swarming thus increasing the colony have been successfully conducted.

One of the wards has adopted a hive to have it under control at all times. Any ward so desiring may get a pet bee hive if practicable.

A little familiarity with bees will convince any one of this interesting and profitable occupation. The income from a hive of bees is greater than that from an acre of land.

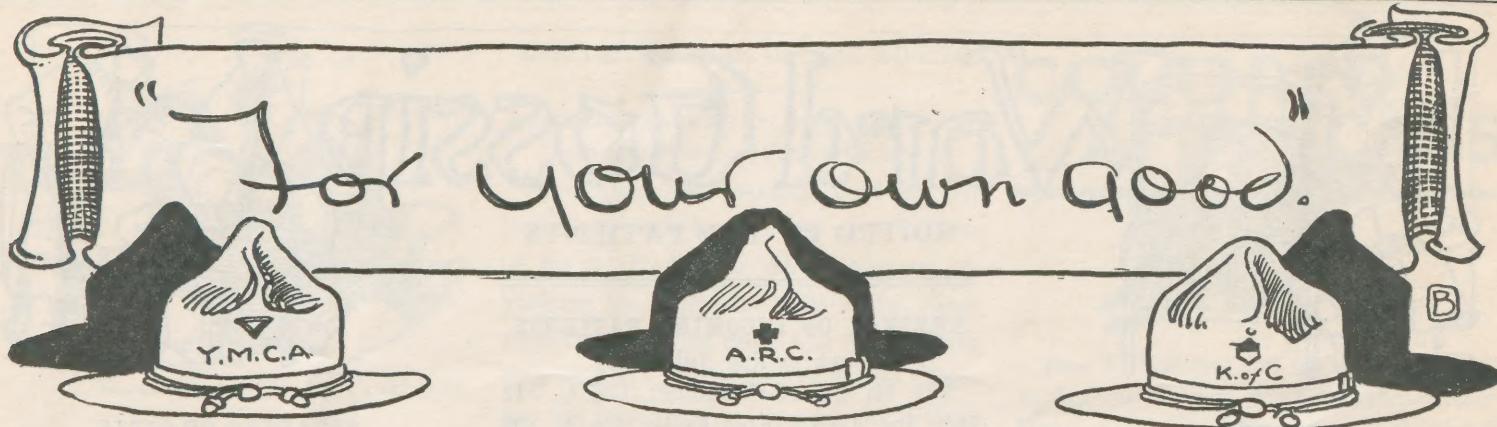
## PSYCHOLOGICAL AND STATISTICAL DIVISION

The following is a distribution of the 1303 patients of this hospital, with reference to previous school training:

No schooling .....	140
Primary, first grade .....	29
Primary, second grade .....	45
Primary, third grade .....	78
Primary, fourth grade .....	115
Grammar, fifth grade .....	143
Grammar, sixth grade .....	107
Grammar, seventh grade .....	126
Grammar, eighth grade .....	243
High school, first year .....	56
High school, second year .....	73
High school, third year .....	39
High school, fourth year .....	40
College, first year .....	23
College, second year .....	21
College, third year .....	12
College, fourth year .....	13

In each case the figures represent the number of individuals who completed the grade or year designated.

The exhibit sent to Atlantic City for the meeting of the National Tuberculosis Association recently held there, received much attention from visitors, professional and otherwise. The technique and variety of projects was a matter of much comment and the illustrations of war work, which were photographs, mostly the work of students in photography at the Reconstruction Building, held a throng of observers all through the day. The patients' work was displayed on a large table and many regrets were heard that all of it was not for sale. The unusual amount of wood and metal work and the practical nature of all articles appealed to the visiting physicians. There were turned candlesticks of walnut; carved boxes, metal trimmed; a small wooden stool with wicker seat; and, lastly, a guitar. A group of tin flowers—made of refuse tin and enameled with brilliant colors—formed a decorative center for the exhibit.



Yes, Boys, the plans for the next picnic are working fine! 'Twon't be long before a definite announcement is made.

△ △

Red Armantrout's voice is conspicuous for its absence at the movies. He is at home giving the folks the "once over."

▽ ▽

Have you wa'ched the ball team work out?

▽ ▽

When it comes to the hammer-throw Sgt. St'es is some Bear Cat.

Hinman isn't built like a runner, but he handled the one hundred and fifty yard dash on the Fourth like an Old Stager.

As to the running or flying qualities of the old hen, you may ask Herr Von Blume.

Zera says he doesn't eat with his knife, but he sure handled peanuts easily.

▽ ▽

Corly was in doubt as to whether he had more pie on his face or under his belt, but he was declared winner anyway.

▽ ▽

There were other men on the outside f their crackers before Coughanour, but he managed to squeeze out a whistle first.

▽ ▽

Both patients and detachment men turned out on the morning of the Fourth for the athletic events. Some spending money for the day was picked up quickly.

▽ ▽

Have you been attending any of the Sunday night services at the "Y?" Adams is preaching a series on Bible prophecy and the second coming of Christ. They are growing in interest and attendance.

▽ ▽

Have you met Uncle Jack Wilson? He is the new Y man from Fort Oglethorpe. Uncle Jack has lived for the past thirty years in South Dakota, and Greensboro, N. C., and knows life on both sides of the fence. He is a true type Schotchman and an ideal man for the work. He knows little about sleep and rest is rather out of his daily scheme of living. Come in and give him the once over.

Thursday and Friday nights saw instituted at the Red Cross an entertainment that it is hoped will be repeated often.

With only a two weeks' notice and a series of holidays and festivities as a handicap, 15 of the detachment non-coms. concocted an evening's entertainment that was both novel and interesting. Following the custom of the Mask and Wig Club and many University Players' organizations, a musical farce with a ballet chorus of all men was put on.

The skit had many interesting features, chief among which was the good characterization of an English youth by Rahill. Fatima, as interpreted by Sgt. Smith, pleased all. It is believed that the importation of such an Oriental dancer calls for future performances.

The solo work of the various members of the cast was particularly good, as was the dancing of Bramley and Hornberger.

The Persian Pearl Chorus was different in action from the average chorus, and the novelty and grace of action was very pleasing. Real chorus action was manifest in the Wilo French Baby number, and one almost imagined himself in a gaiety theater. The chorus, a dainty group of clever dancers was a revelation to the audience in general. A number of the girls in the audience became actually green with envy.

The entertainment was in no sense any special performance, but only one of the regular evenings at the Red Cross. It is hoped that the performance will be an incentive to both the detachment men and patients for future entertainments of like nature.

The men who gave their time for the performance were: Sgt. Anderson, Leonard, Michel, Wynn, Smith, Carter, Glorvick, Smith, Guyvits, Burgard, Bolser, and Corporals Bramley, Lawrence Rahill, Hornberger and Elgin.

Great appreciation has been manifested by the soldiers of this post for the many good times made possible through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Chas Malcolm Platt and Mrs. O. C. Hamilton, of Asheville. Their work at the Carnival the Fourth of July was only one of the many pleasant times they have arranged for us. At the Tea Dance the next day they continued their Motherly kindness by assisting the K. of C. Secretaries in serving over forty gallons of ice cream and cake to all the —I—Wards, as well as the entire detachment men at the K. of C. HUT. Oteen would often be a gloomy village if it were not for the Ladies of Asheville and their Co-Workers, who are always planning a surprise for us. Another party will be chaperoned by these three ladies this afternoon at the K. of C. HUT. Come around for the dance and refreshments!

★ ★

Our Supervisor, Mr. Cummings, spent the Fourth of July with us, and was greatly impressed with the work at Oteen. He has promised us some new activities in the near future, which we will all welcome.

★ ★

The Pool Tournament commenced last Monday. We hope to see some interesting fighting in this contest. The two Loving Cups are on display in the Hut and are worth fighting for. The larger one will be awarded to the man receiving the highest score, and the smaller one to the runner up.

★ ★

A large supply of Creature Comforts arrived recently and, although it rained all day last Sunday, the men spent a happy day in the HUT playing pool and other games and trying all the new pianola rolls and Victrola record just received. "Smokes" and "Candy" were opened and everybody was treated. The K. of C. Club House is just merely a HOME, and the Secretaries are always eager to see you make it such. "EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!"



## EXCELSIOR

(Absolutely without Apologies.)  
The shades of night were fading fast  
As we faced our morn repast,  
Stewed peaches, toast as hard as nails,  
And, all done up in little bales.

Excelsior!

I've heard some people call it "Hay"—  
They wrong a worthy crop, I'd say,  
For timothy and clover, too,  
Are foods: one name alone will do—  
Excelsior!

When I have gone to my reward  
I'll ask of my satanic lord  
To give me dreams of Army days  
By feeding my own private blaze  
Excelsior!

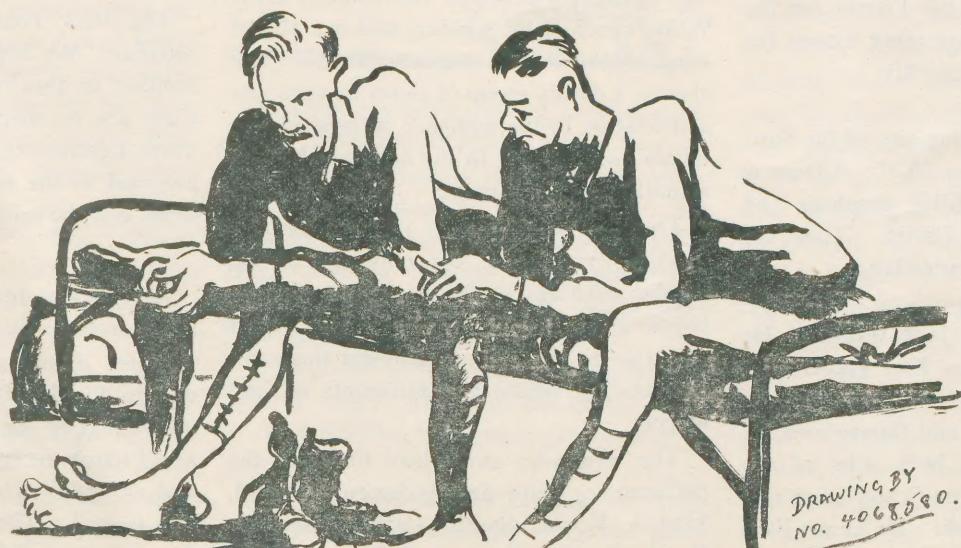
## PREYING FOR THE ENEMY

An American soldier brought in a German prisoner recently and found the fellow had a pocketful of French money. The American looked at the money, thought of the fine restaurants in Paris and then, tapping the German on the shoulder, said: "Kamerad, kanst du craps schutzen?"

"Bull Kills Congressman." Heading in Paris edition of one of the New York dailies.

Nothing strange about that. The wonder of it is that many more of those bull-tossing Congressmen don't die of the same thing.

I-7



SAY, BARON, LET'S COMMIT SUICIDE!  
ALL RIGHT, BUT WAIT UNTIL I'VE HAD MY FURLOUGH.

DRAWING BY  
NO. 4068080.

# Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS



## ARRIVAL OF INCOMING PATIENTS

(Week ending July 7th.)

Pvt. 1st Cl. Mark Moffett, Co. L, 318 Inf.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Fred Kelley, Co. E, 809 Inf.; Cpl. Frank Rutherford, Co. D, 366 Inf.; Pvt. Richard White, Co. D, 309 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Henry Gilmore, Co. 7, Rest Camp; Cook Chester Rosbusk, 49 Inf.; Pvt. Wm. Stephens, 305 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Lofton Bolling, 52 Guard Co.; Pvt. Wm. Gallaway, Co. L, 129 Inf.; Pvt. Wm. Norris, Co. E, 16 Inf.; Pvt. Richard Sorells, Co. 313, Remount Depot; Pvt. J. L. Taylor, Co. 2, 154 Dep. Brig.; Pvt. Roy F. Shipps, Co. E, 23 Engrs.; Pvt. Wm. Brown, 447 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Louis Wills, Rev. Group, Camp Custer; Cpl. Conrad F. Carter, Co. E, 402 Te. Bn.; Pvt. Walter L. Engel, Co. A, 15 Engrs.; Pvt. J. W. Cargo, Co. F, 313 F. A.; Pvt. Chas. R. Wilson, Co. D, 126 Inf.; Pvt. Henry Frankenburger, Co. I, 345 Inf.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Will Sykes, Co. C, 323 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Harry Reising, Co. "C," 14 Inf.; Edgar H. Davis, Edq. Co., 351 F. A.; Pvt. Carl Dobbins, 2nd Bn., 154 Depot Brig.; Pvt. Benny Gibbs, Co. A, Debark. Crp.; Wagoner Alfred Emenhizer, Supp. Co., 314 Inf.; Sgt. Morris Lamb, Bat. F, 8 F. A.; Pvt. Daniel D. Moore, Hdq. Co., 147 F. A.; Pvt. Robert Austin, Amb. 61.; Cpl. Geo. Campbell, Co.

(Continued on Page 19.)

## SPEAKING OF GIRLS

You can brag about your French girls,  
You can write a thousand rhymes,  
You can rave about their beauty,  
At any place or times.  
Some in dainty frocks you'll picture.  
And some on sandy beach,  
Dark or fair 'twill not matter,  
Or tall, or e'en petite.

You can tell about the Irish,  
The British, or the Dutch,  
Some rave about the Portuguese,  
The Belgians, — and such.  
All I ask for just a moment  
Is a long and hearty stare,  
At the girls who beat all others—  
Our girls from over here.

—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Here, help me with my bed, will you?  
Aw, Bull Durham for yours.  
How's that? I don't get you.  
Bull Durham! That is a polite way of  
saying, "Make your own." —Ex.

Baa! baa! black sheep,  
Have you any booze?  
Yes, sir! Yes, sir!  
Slews and slews!

He said he  
Was going fishing.  
In the Swannanoa  
She asked him what  
He had in the big  
Bottle. He said:  
"It's a new  
"Bait." He went to  
The lake and sat  
All afternoon  
Watching his line  
With bated breath.



Just a reminder to Y. M. C. A. secretaries: Always remember to carry Car Fare when you go to a picnic. It should be very embarrassing to have to borrow from a lady of the party, but apparently some our noble Y. M. C. A. war workers don't mind doing it.

★ ★

That auto party that went to Kentucky is due back any day now, and we wonder if the dry spell will be over for a little while. How about it, Johnnie?

★ ★

The reason for the smile Mrs. Snow carries these days? Why, dear reader, our charming little telephone operator now has her husband back from France! Yes: the cute couple you might see on Patton avenue most any evening.

★ ★

Has anybody seen our open air theatre around (?) After the street dance with its natural success nobody can have any doubt that the long-talked about theatre could be anything but a riot.

★ ★

Bennie Heyman got the cutest present for the Fourth of July. Yes! Four stripes that had been missing, presumably lost, stolen, or strayed for a short period! Well, you look more natural again now, Bennie!

★ ★

That cute little Mandalay Tea Room on the road to Skyland is going to be a great hit this summer, judging from the amount of traffic that finds its way from Oteen to the stop-over point between here and Hendersonville.

I wonder if they go for the tea or to see the Craft Exhibits at the house.

★ ★

You are liable to find the leaders of Oteen Society anywhere, even in the wilds of Weaverville on July the Fourth. After such a strenuous social season our bright birds must fly to the wilderness to recuperate. SUCH IS LIFE!

## MILITARY ORDER OF THE KOOTIE

AMERICAN SOLDIERS ON THE RHINE DESCRIBE ORDER IN ARMY PAPER.

A meeting was recently held by the leading fox hole hermits and cave dwellers of the A. E. F., for the purpose of organizing an order that will foster closer relationship among those who are devoting their lives to the welfare of the kootie. During the course of the meeting the following was tentatively agreed to:

Name of Organization—The Military Order of the Kootie.

Membership—Everyone in the A. E. F. whose louse discipline shall be deemed by the order as of sufficiently high standard.

Officers—One master Kootie, president; one master grayback, vice-president; one master louse, secretary and treasurer; and one master nit, recruiting officer.

Insignia—Button the size of a two franc piece to be worn on the outer clothing between the shoulder blades, bearing the device of a louse dampant over a soldier couchant.

Salute—Scratch left shoulder with right hand, then right shoulder with left hand, then navel with both hands.

Secret Grip—When clasping hands tickle the other fellow's wrist with the forefinger.

Password—"Lousenit."

Distress Call—"Gottem-Gottem." Any member hearing this call must hasten to the caller's assistance with curry comb or rake, if such is available.

Upon conclusion of the business the following delightful musical and literary program was given:

"Shirt Reading," tableaux—Pvt. Speck.

"Humane Scratching," paper — Capt. Longfinger.

"Night in a Fox Hole," sketch—Sgt. Scratch and Pvt. Itch.

"One Nitty Night," song—Lieut. Hairnit.

Exhibition of trained kooties—Cpl. Eczema. —"The Watch on the Rhine."

## PROFITLESS PURSUITS

Chasing rainbows.

Blowing bubbles."

Looking for four-leaved clovers.

Trying to save money in the army.

Applying for discharge.

## COLORED AMERICANS



Jess Willard was not the only champion to lose his laurels on last Independence Day. Our own "Mississippi" champion welter-weight eater of the post was defeated by Benny Gibbs in an eating contest, held during the course of the chicken dinner on that day. Although out-weighed by twenty pounds, Gibbs clearly out-classed his opponent and the result was never in doubt. When interviewed after the bout, Gibbs stated that he hopes to be a popular champion and is willing to defend his title against all comers, provided the proper inducements are offered.

★ ★

C. J. Jones, better known as "Jam-Up," lived up to his name in a recent boxing contest. If you don't believe it, take a look at Sgt. Roman's eyes.

★ ★

Crumpler is in again, this time in the role of a spendthrift. Last Sunday evening, he was seen wending his way to the home of his lady fair, carrying a twenty-cent box of candy and a package of chewing-gum. Who is the lucky (?) lady this time, Crumpler?

★ ★

Reconstruction work has at last taken hold in ward C-I. The making of baskets, slippers, belts, etc., has entirely replaced "Georgia" skin and "African golf" as a means of recreation in this ward. "Keep up the good work" say we.

★ ★

The entertainment at the K. of C. last Wednesday evening was some entertainment. The selections by the Y. M. I. quartette, Mrs. Michael and the Jones children were greatly enjoyed. As one of the men remarked, "Young Master Jones can do more with a violin than a monkey can with a cocoanut."

"I want a lower berth on the midnight train to New York."

"No more lowers," said the clerk.

"Then I'll take an upper."

"No more uppers."

"Well, do what you can for me?"

"I'm doing it now. All I can do is to sympathize with you."



Jess Willard proved himself the semi-animated walrus we proclaimed him to be in last week's OTEEN. Were it not a fact that Jack Dempsey spent the last two years dodging the draft he would be a popular champion. The boys who offered their lives to the cause, however, will find it hard to forgive a slacker and make a hero out of a skunk, who kept out of the biggest fight of all.

★ ★

Several of the officers have returned from leave and all have put on several pounds in weight. A little good food might help us all out.

★ ★

"Pig Iron" Willie, having obtained a leave of absence, is about to depart for South Carolina, Mississippi, Orleans and Waxahatchie. We understand that Baltimore is not to be on the route-list this time. Apparently the race for "Pig Iron's" affections has narrowed to three young ladies and an uncle. The mail bag will miss the fragrant odors of the scented envelopes which daily come from the afore-mentioned points. As a Romeo, "Pig Iron" wins the medal, hands down.

★ ★

The officer patients will give a dance at the Red Cross house next Thursday evening. Staff officers, their wives and friends, nurses and re-construction aides are cordially invited. We hope to make the affair a humdinger. Major Dempsey is chairman of the committee in charge. Other officers on the committee are Captains Adams and Mackay, and Lieutenants Murray and Coghill.

★ ★

Taps sounded for Lieutenant Patton last week. The officer patients deeply regret their loss, and offer sincere sympathy to his wonderful mother.

#### NAMES IS NAMES

Capt. Mackintosh says he doesn't mind the rainy weather.

We've been moved down to Ward 1 but can't see but what we have to walk as much getting to the Red Cross house as we formerly did to reach our meals.

★ ★

Attention, ladies! Capt. Whitney is with us again, and Major McAdie in the offing.

★ ★

An Asheville laundry, advertising in last week's OTEEN, announces to nurses and aides that it washes corsets for two bits. "Bring your in when you come to town," reads the ad.

Seems as though it would be more appropriate and gentlemanly to say "Send yours in when you stay at home." It would also save crowding the busses.

★ ★

Another ad reads, "The OTEEN hospital buys all its fish from the Asheville Fish Company. What an endorsement for Quality this is."

The ad. speaks for itself. So do the fish!

★ ★

There once was a bounteous Guy,  
Who in vain for a sweetie did try.  
When she couldn't get none,  
The son-of-a-gun,  
Made it hard for the girls to get by.

★ ★

We admit this column is pretty punk this week; but who in the duece can be funny on an empty stomach?

★ ★

#### TO MARY

Oh, fickle miss, of Carroll St.,  
Pray tell us, hast a plan,  
For giving all the chaps a trial;  
Then tying on the can?

Or, is there really one who holds,  
A place above us all?  
Are your flittings and your flirtings,  
Just a syncopated stall?

#### BILL ON THE BIG CELEBRATION

Dere Od Maude:

I's summer-time now in this town. The much talked about summer-time when all the swell dames are supposed ter come here and everything gits so livly. At least that's what they tell yer in the winter. But I can't see it nohow! Sure 'nuff the streets are more crowded then they used ter be, but then the quantity don't make the quality. I guess them swell dames they talk about in the winter time don't git here till the fall. Coco-Cola is the chief diversion, that and standin' in front of drug stores. Yer kin allways find a goodly bunch of soda lizards holdin' down the sidewalks in front of any of these patent medicine empriums. I'll be frank with yer and tell yer I am lookin' fer some dame down here ter romance around with, but the babe must own an automobile. I can't be bothered with jitney fares. So far I ain't had no luck. Them that look fairly good does their travelin' afoot, and them that have the merchines are sort of hatchet-faced. Nothin' seems ter break rite fer me. If it did I wouldn't be in the army.

This here past fourth of July was a tall day in these parts. I don't mind sayin' that some of the folks jest crawled out of their shell and spread the gravy on thick. Rite up here at the post we had a large barber-que. Now a barbar-que ain't got nothin' ter do with shavin' as yer mite be a-thinkin', but is a form of cookin' over a fire without pots and pans—no not the fire without pots and pans, but the cokin' is done on sticks or somethin'. Anyhow, the grub as turned out that way tastes so much better than the mess I ate three portions. After the big eats and some band playin', of which I heard better, and a coupler speeches, of which I heard better also, I went ter town. The town had a big jamboree arranged. Races fer money prizes and food fer nothin', and finally dancin' rite out there on the street. Believe me, some day! Between eatin' and sweatin' I had a peach of a time.

Glad ter here that yer are goin' ter take yerself on a vacation next month and go away. To bad these parts are such a long walk away frum where yer are. I could show yer all them wonderful mountains I've told yer about, and the scenery and the climate and the water—everythin'. Some place this—if yer like it!

Still yours,

BILL.

## RED CROSS PARTY AND BARBECUE

Next to bein' t' home, them Red Cross folks made our day as near perfect as could be. The party started in at ten o'clock in the morning, keeping up right merrily until taps at night. The Baraca-Philathea Union, visiting Canteen Committees of the Asheville chapter, the Canteens of Salisbury, Hickory and Greensboro, and other individual organizations are to be thanked by every one of the thousand or more folks who participated in the day. Especially do the bed patients send up their thanks—as spreads are sadly in the minority around these diggings.

And the eats, Oh boy! 800 young chickens, 6000 biscuits, 1000 pounds of beef which went into the barbecue, 50 quarts of jam, 275 cakes, 300 quarts of ice cream, etc., and tons of enthusiasm, which proved the means of carrying the day off very successfully.

At the courtesy of Mr. L. L. Jenkins, a dandy good band was furnished for the day, and they rendered good concert music in the evening in conjunction with the vaudeville show. Worthy of mention were the Fiddlers Three, of Arden, who were keenly appreciated by their audience.

Not forgetting the holiday of even the staff officers, tea was served to them and their visiting ladies in the Red Cross tea rooms in the late afternoon.

## SAY, BUDDY! WANT A COLD PLUNGE?

Enlistments are now open for service in Alaska. The term of enlistment is three years. Upon enlistment for such service will be sent with the least practicable delay by their respective commanding officers to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, for assignment to the 21st Infantry.

## NEW DETACHMENT COMMANDER

First Lt. George A. Bissonette, Sanitary Corps, has been assigned Commander Detachment Medical Department of this hospital, succeeding 1st Lt. Harold W. Kinderman, M. C., who has been relieved to permit him to again take up his medical work.

Lt. Bissonette comes to us from the officer-patient's ward, being pronounced cured and returned to full duty status. Our new D. C. is a man of long army experience, having eighteen years chalked to his credit in the medical department. He has seen service in the Philippines, on the Border and at army posts throughout the States. He went overseas during December, 1917, with the Second Division, was commissioned 2nd Lt. October 28th, 1918, and attached to the staff of the Chief Surgeon, Second Army Corps; received his commission of 1st Lt. February 17, 1919. He arrived at this hospital February 28th, 1919.

When interviewed Lt. Bissonette said, "I expect that all men of the Detachment, who desire their discharge, will be out of service by—."

## TOUGH LUCK! ALL C. O.'S NOT TO GET MEDALS

The War Department announces that the Victory Medal and Button, indicating service in any branch of the army or to men accepted by local boards but rejected at camp before entering on regular duty, on the ground that they rendered no service to the Department and were never on active duty. Conscientious objectors who accepted service in any branch of the army, however, are entitled to the Medal and Button.

## OVERHEARD AT BOOB-TEA

"I've learned so much about medicine since I started going out to see the wounded boys at the hospital. Really, I think I could be a doctor almost, if it weren't for the terribly late hours. I came out first to see that wonderful sergeant—you know the one who recited Kipling divinely and all the nurses adored him. And then he was transferred and I still go out—simply because I'm so interested in medicine and hospitals. Why when they operate, it only takes about eleven minutes and the rest of the day the surgeon has to himself. And after that all you have to do is bring oranges and magazines to the patient and get some one to play the ukelele. Then pretty soon you take him to the Red Cross house to see the movies, and he goes out to parties and is entirely well and, sometimes, he can dance better than ever. I think medicine is perfectly fascinating, and I'd give anything if papa owned a hospital instead of that old factory. Could I have an extra slice of lemon, please, and no sugar?"

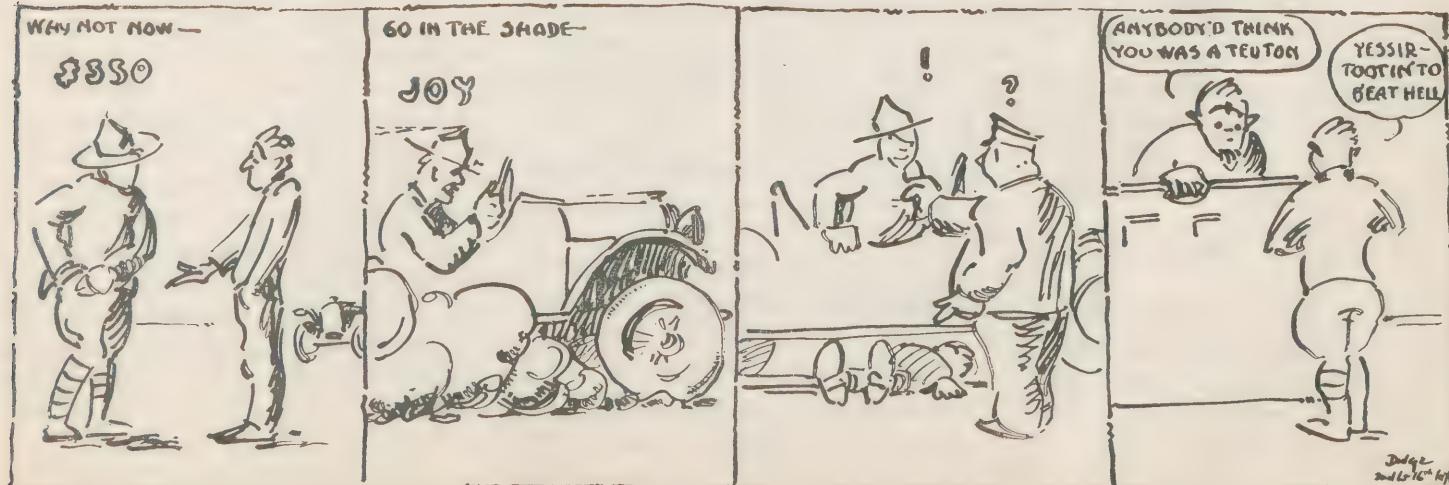
Oh, Lieut. Cheese, I think you have the most adorable eyes!

## FIGURES NEVER LIE

(From the *Journal of the A. M. A.*)

In January, 1910, there were, in the United States, 62,683 single men insane and 26,047 married men insane—which shows that the crazy men stay single. At the same time there were 37,115 single women insane and 35,975 married women insane—which proves that in January, 1910, married life made more women crazy than it did men. And the more you study these figures the crazier it makes you.

## "THE SPIROCHETE" ON ITS FIRST OUTING



# The BATTLES of BRUNO

(*Oteen's Own War Story*)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

(Synopsis of Previous Chapters.)

(Well, that was some mystery that we pulled last week, wasn't it, Buddies? Ever since it came out we've been getting mail from upset readers. Edgar Allen Poe's heirs have written us to lay off the stuff as they fear for the reputation of their revered ancestor. Yesterday we saw William J. Bryan walking down Patton avenue with tears rolling out of either eye. He explained in a voice thick with woe that he was worried to death for fear all his readers would quit him cold and take to reading Bruno exclusively, and only yesterday we got a cablegram signed "Doyle-Conan," saying:

"Can' that Bruno mystery. It's cutting into my Sherlock Holmes' royalties."

You were certainly out of luck if you didn't read last week's installment. As it is we can only tell you here that it was as mysterious as any intelligence officer and you all know how mysterious an intelligence officer can be. Why we know one intelligence officer—but we can't go into that either at this time. All we got say is that it is a darned interesting story, and if you want to hear it, call us up some day and we will go over to Weaverville where we can tell it to you in its proper setting.

So we left Bruno sitting on the front porch of the Lovely Lady's house with the Lovely Lady cuddling up close to him and the Mysterious Visitor standing on the gravel walk talking mysterious. The M. V. has gone away as this chapter opens.

There is no telling what this chapter is going to be about. That's what makes this novel so truly great. It is its unexpectedness in which even the author has his share. We imagine that it is some such quality that makes the work of Robert W. Chambers so appealing.

We imagine that he gets up in the morning and looks out of the window and says:

"Gosh a' mighty! Here it is Friday and I haven't written a book this week. Where is that stenographer?"

And then he gets the stenographer and starts off.

"The Danger Mark." No, hold on, don't put that down. Strikes me that I wrote a book called that once. Look it up; did I? Well, well, that's too bad. That name has a good kick to it. Let's see. How about 'The Moonshine Maid?' That's

a good name. Now, then, let's begin. 'The Moonshine Maid.' Chapter one. Narcissus was walking in the cool of a beautiful Spring morning, low in his mind because of all the liquor he had drunk the night before at the Long-green. Narcissus was a long, lithe leader of Gashevile society with an infinite capacity for taking janes. That's good. Feed 'em this society dope, they can't get too much of it. Let's see where were we? Oh, yes. As Narcissus walked through the cool of the morning there came



"YOU KNOW WHAT WE MEAN. ALL THIS COO STUFF."

to him his second butler and first valet. As they knelt down in their matutinal obesiance (that will send them to the dictionaries. Can't have too much education these days)—as they knelt down in their matutinal obesiance Narcissus felt in his pocket with his long, lean aristocratic hands and found there three hundred and ninety-eight dollars and fifty-two cents, which he bestowed upon his honest and cringing menials with a lordly air. Then he went into the house and drank three pints of the most expensive champagne ever, and getting into his \$15,000 limousine sped away to the Country Club."

By 10 o'clock the book is done and wrapped up and on its way to Mr. Hearst. At least that's the way we imagine it's done.

But how did we ever come to get side-tracked like this? Let's hustle right back to the Lovely Lady's house and Bruno.)

## CHAPTER XXVI.

The lovely lady was that scared by the mysterious visitor that as soon as he had gone away after Bruno told him that he

didn't want any life insurance because he had kept up his army insurance, as we sincerely hope every reader of The Oteen will do, she was then scared, in short, that as soon as he had disappeared she bust right out crying.

Tears rolled down her cheeks and over her nose getting it all red. Bruno was all upset by this. If there is one thing that breaks that man Bruno all up it is this weeping woman stuff. He can walk nonchalantly through all the barrages that Jerry has, but once let a dame turn on the faucet's and it's all off with Bruno. Once when he had pasted Hertha, his huge fiancee, extra hard on the nose, she commenced blubbering, and Bruno was so disconcerted that he let his guard down for a minute and she landed a jolt on the side of his neck that kept him in the house a week. That's what a man gets for being chivalrous. Begin to be soft in your dealings with the weaker sex and you find yourself out of luck all the time.

So Bruno got quite excited when he found the lovely lady crying and he fished out a handkerchief and hit her a clip on the back.

"There, there," he said comfortingly. "Lovely lady shouldn't take on so. Naughty man has gone away. Here, blow on this. Blow hard and you will feel better. Put poor old head on Bruno's big shoulder. Now, now," and the like of that. You know what we mean. All this coo stuff.

So they got to be chummier than ever and, if you ask us, we have a hunch that the lovely lady was aiming for that all the time. We will never forget once we promised a jane never to drink beer because she cried so hard. And up to that time all her arguments had gone in one ear and out the other.

You can cry, girls, all you want to. But don't forget that there is one man who is wise to that and is going to do all he can to put the bunch on. We men are engaged in a defensive war and it's about time we jacked up the Intelligence Department. We know some other things about females and "cuties," and nurses, et al., that we will slip to you boys for the price of a good dinner at the Grove Park Inn—in the neighborhood of \$12.50. Call us up and make a date.

(To be Continued.)



Ever so often we sit down to write without a thought of what we're going to write about. We just pick and paw on the old typewriter and follow the first train of thought that comes to our mind. Sometimes it makes sense. Which reminds us of the very profound statement once made, that the most wonderful story or verse can be found on any typewriter by any one, providing one knows the proper keys to strike. We haven't put together that masterpiece, the chances are we never will. Just the same we are entitled to try, and so we play around with the vowels and consonants, hoping that by good luck we may hit upon the proper combination.

The theme for today's column still hasn't come to us, so we must rattle on. We can't stab about permiscuously and delve into the land of fiction, for we are held responsible for whatever we say, and must stand behind it. We recall the story of the young married couple who went to the city to buy their first household furnishings. They carried a letter of credit to a wholesale furniture concern. On arriving at the place they stood for a minute to look at the show windows. Suddenly the bride said, "John, I don't care if you can buy everything at cost here; I just won't buy our bedroom furniture here." "Why, what's wrong now?" queried the young husband. "Just look at that sign," replied the wife. And there it was: "We stand behind every piece of furniture we sell!"

Well, we've missed it again. The keys didn't combine to form the classic. Perhaps next week, who can tell. At least we have finished what we started out to do; we have filled the column. And, if all our ventures terminate as satisfactorily, we will never reach the top-most rung of success' ladder, but still be satisfied in knowing that we were there amongst those who finished.

*The Observer*

### SHINDIG ON THE 4TH A SUCCESS

The Victory Day Carnival held at the Grove Park Plaza on the Fourth of July in honor of the soldiers, proved a great success, and was participated in by about 5000 persons. The party, a bit late in starting, opened with an athletic program, soldiers from the two hospitals participating. Most of the events were a walkaway for Sgts. Crimmin, Simmons and Elgin of our Post, who took most of the money in the dashes and open events.

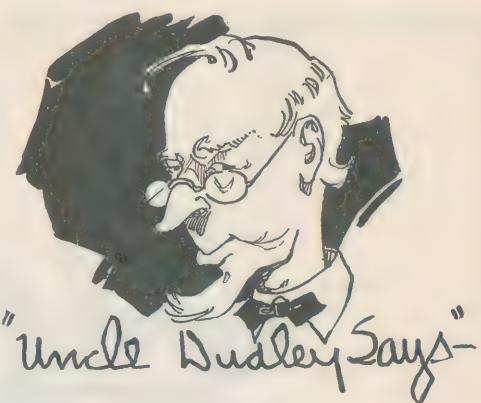
The local committee, headed by Mrs. Platt and Mrs. Hamilton, and so ably assisted by the K. C., the J. W. B., The Salvation Army, the War Camp Community Service, and the Graduate Nurses, of Asheville, are to be thanked for their unstinted efforts toward making the party a howling success.

The Berry Band rendered a concert in a specially erected stand from 8:00 to 9:00 o'clock. Large Booths had been erected by the Welfare Associations, where refreshments were served to the thousands in attendance. The Nurses' booth was decreed the most popular—and why not? Dancing was started at nine o'clock, lasting until midnight—the dancing space being a roped off portion of Edwin place; the pavement being made fit by a corn meal preparation. Berry's Band furnished the music, which was repeatedly encored.

'Twas a derned fine night, say we!

### FINISHING THE JOB

Many of the wise geeks in and around our grounds seem to think that the early closing of the army hospitals and the concentration of patients in permanent institutions would indicate that possibly the War Department expects to concentrate the Regular Army forces, now in the country, on the Southern border. They say certain classes of Mexicans seem to think they can lick the United States at the drop of any sombrero, but they are due for a terrible shock if they go on arousing the ire of the border Americans. Even Woodrow Wilson can be driven to doing something drastic about it. It will be altogether possible to raise an army of 7,678,910 men now—which, with a bit of an effort, should be able to sail into that flea-bitten district and overnight start it off in the right direction.



'Nigh laughed myself sik t'other nite when this so-called hard-lookin' equestrian "loot" came by on his prancer. Well, loot like he spotted a chick—but didn't notice the gol-derned road-louse speedin' up to his back. As it honked, friend loot's plug shied, 'nigh spillin' him all over the road. It just killed eny chence to make land the chick the loot may heve thot he hed.

★ ★

Speekin' of loots. Ain't it goin' to be a lot of wailin' and nashin' of teeth, we'll be havin' round these diggins in 'bout a fortnite, when Squire Baker begins his prunin'? Seems 'es tho they'd have to go to work now—er—the porehouse.

★ ★

This here post holds some crabs what says they ain't hed a square meal since hittin' in. I ain't given to arguin', but I will acknowledge to myself that my first square wun wuz that Red Cross barbycue t'other day. Never was chicks so plentiful—both in en out o' the pan.

★ ★

We ain't given t' scandal—but what we heard of this he-vampire "Gloomie" Zabin of the Oteen gang would chill any self-respectin' man's blud. Contemplatin' a visit from some last summer "land" he made. Pritty ruff deal on these dames of his'n at Spring Lake and other parts. All we kin say is God protect 'em both—"Gloom" can't!

★ ★

I jist red a cablegram that John D., Jr., and the Mrs.—er bound fer Europe ter engage in rekonstruktion effert. It striks yer ol' Uncle if Omar Khayyam could 'uv carried round with 'im the same wad these two rekonstruktionists hev, by heck, he mit hev hed his dream of reshakin' things to the heart's desire fulfilled.

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CLEAN—NOT SHRUNKEN OR TORN. WE SPECIALIZE  
ON SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.

## ASHEVILLE LAUNDRY

PENLAND STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

### DOIN'S OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

Jovial and beaming enters our new D. C., Lt. Bissonnette. We're a-wondering if that smile will stick after answering a million or two discharge inquiries. Ye staff wishes him well, and votes him a right good fellow. (We hope to get out soon for that.)

The popular Pat'on Avenueite, Sarg. Lowey, is once again stepping out on two whole ankles. His host of admirers will be pleased to hear that he is back at work—voice from the gallery, "what do yer mean 'work'?"

Mr. Sergeant Bartels has once again joined our midst after a protracted visit to home parts. Mr. Bartels, when interviewed, had nothing to say. As long as beer is still to be had he will keep quiet, we opine.

Gloom Zabin shaved on Wednesday last.

Miss Violet R. Wolford, of Cordova, Ala., reached our fair city last Wednesday.

That is why Gloom Zabin shaved.

"Bad Bill" Knight is still in our army in spite of much protest to the contrary. So are the rest of us, Bill, so whatdayou care!

We regret for ourselves the loss of Horse-pital Sergt. Bolser and his retinue. They are departing by fast train on some near day. We throw a kiss to his *retinue*.

Big Ben Heyman and Loot Murray, of the Oteen staff, called at the Radford's "koop" Saturday evening last, the editor dealing in small talk and Matzoths. Finding that Colonel Taylor, of the 30th, had returned to the arms of his family next door—they vamoosed there. The Colonel livened the evening with many anecdotes on France, and shot three hours' of "kraps" with the young folks and junior officers. He proved himself, we'll say, one regular feller.

From all report the "licker" market hereabouts is more active than ever before. We found two of our light-weight sergeants burdened with their little package the other night. Yet it may have been Eau-de-cologne.

Sgt. Jean Hornik informs us he'd be unlike these Ashevile moss-backs, if his supply house was large enough, and give a dance every Monday evening—"shimmie" dancing advocated.

TIME ON OVERSEAS SERVICE CHEVRONS

The Secretary of War has issued direction that the computation of time for overseas war service chevrons shall include all time from the date of departure from the date of departure from the port of embarkation, U. S. A., to date of arrival at port of debarkation, U. S. A., both dates inclusive. That is, every person who has been overseas for the army in any capacity, entitling such person to overseas chevron or chevrons, will be entitled to have included, in the computation of his or her overseas service, all the elapsed time going aboard the ship to leave the United States until landing from the ship upon returning to the United States. These instructions are retroactive. The commanding general of the A. E. F. is being informed of the above.

"INFORMATION FOR A. E. F. TOURISTS TO U. S. A.

The Stars and Stripes gather the following "facts about America and information for A. E. F. tourists to the United States:"

In America, even a buck private M. P. is called "officer."

If you go A. W. O. L. for a week or so back there, it makes the duration of your job shorter instead of longer.

In France, a tank is something that can cover much ground. In America it is somebody that can't.

If you long for the beauties of a French winter, try walking around on the bottom of the Mississippi river for a while.

Being a careless nation in many respects, America has so far made no law providing immunity for murderers of ex-buglers.

A derby hat is the same thing as a trench helmet except that it is a trifle less hard boiled and a trifle more uncomfortable.

Remember that the human equivalent of the cootie is the man who, without invitation, takes up the whole evening telling his war experiences.

In America all are free and equal. Everybody has a chance to become President except top sergeants.

Don't wait for a bugle call before you draw your pay on Saturdays. America is an unmusical nation.

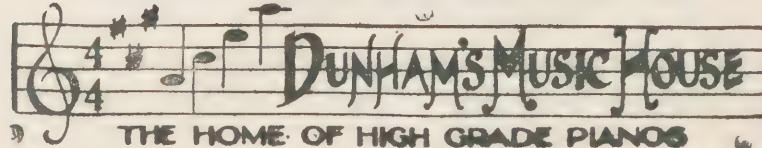
Why did ye call in a strange minister when ye were sick?

Sure, and did ye think Oi wanted to give our minister the smallpox?"

# DRINK



EVERY BOTTLE  
STERILIZED



CHOP SUEY

CHOP SUEY

AT THE CHINESE AND AMERICAN RESTAURANT AND  
ORIENTAL ROOF GARDEN LOCATED AT 8 N. PACK SQ.

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PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

# EVERY SOLDIER A SHAREHOLDER



Every soldier is a Shareholder in the War Camp Community Service—16 Broadway.

The W. C. C. S. deals in good times—parties every Thursday evening—dances every Saturday evening. Every soldier can have as many Shares of good times as he wants.

*Suggestions always welcome.*

## DO-DROP-IN

corner College Street—opposite Langren.

Shoe Shine Parlor, Smoke Shop, Soda Parlor, and REIF'S SPECIAL ON DRAFT.

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### WOULD ABOLISH SALUTE OFF DUTY

Introduction of a bill to abolish the military salute except for official use is being considered by Senator Capper, Kansas. Privates would not be required to salute off duty, but would use the customary salute when meeting officers during hours of duty.

"I think the men and most of the officers favor such a step," Senator Capper said today. "There is no necessity for the salute as a social matter. It tends to make the soldier feel inferior to the officer."

### NO, HE DIDN'T RUN

A colored boy named Sam, while rambling through the woods, came on a hornets' nest. With rare courage for one so young he flung a stick into the abiding place of the little airplainists, with the usual quick results. Sam made a hundred yards into two-fifths of a second less than nothing.

"You didn't run, I hope, Sam," said a white "gemmen," to whom Sam related the episode.

"Well, mistah, I wouldn't say 'zactly that I run, but a man in a field 'cross the road said he couldn't see nothin' of me fum mah wais' down."

Pvt.: "—and when I came off the field I said I should have used a fine sight."

Sgt.: You don't know what a 'fine sight' is."

Pvt. "I sure do. It's a boatload of Sergeants sinking."

U. S. General Hospital No. 19  
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*The  
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Company*

Doesn't this speak well for  
Western Produce quality?

Ask your grocer for Western  
Produce Eggs.

## LOOKING FORWARD

Oh! I'm in the army now,  
Though I've done my bloomin' bit.  
I am eating army chow  
And want a chance to quit.

So the thought that makes me smile,  
Though the day be dark or bright,  
And it's with me all the while—  
I even dream of it by night—

Is the day when I'll be speeding  
Back to home and mother dear,  
For her heart has long been bleeding,  
Torn with longing and with fear.

But her prayers have all been heard  
And her dreams will all come true,  
Though her eyes with tears be blurred  
As the train pulls into view.

She will feed me and caress me,  
Nothing that I ask deny;  
In civilian clothes will dress me;  
View me with a happy sigh.

And my heart commences throbbing  
As in fancy I can see  
My old cork start to bobbing  
Down behind the fallen tree.

I'll forget the deadly warning  
Of that old familiar call:  
"I can't get 'em up this morning,  
"I can't get 'em up at all."

For when I hit the good old hay  
No breakfast call shall lure me;  
I'll sleep throughout the livelong day;  
'Twill take a month to cure me.

—R. G. Cole, 478th Engineers.

## PAINFUL SARCASM

A certain hard-boiled Lieutenant called in a Sergeant to letter his locker. After thinking it over, he said. "You might leave the Lieutenant off as I expect to be made Captain shortly."

"Why not," innocently suggested the Sergeant, "leave a space between the Lieutenant and your first name, so you could insert 'Col.'?"

Mrs. Taylor—Do you like sandals?  
Mrs. Radford—Oh, yes; I love them.  
"Then do you wear them sometimes?"  
"Wear 'em? Wear what?"  
"Why, sandals."  
"Oh, excuse me. I thought you asked me if I liked scandals."

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ROGERS' PRINTSHOP DOES SMALL JOBS IN A BIG WAY—TRY US

**OUR M. S. O. BUMPED**

The Medical Supply Officer has had his vanity badly injured. Until now he thought he had the most up-to-date store in the village of Oteen, and the most complete stock in Buncombe County. He was going to take in soda pop; add a few nail kegs and boxes of eating crackers, and mebbe a large stove for the winter months and then stack his outfit against any outfit in the United States. But, he took a notion to go wandering and chanced into the Reconstruction Department Store presided over by a right smart, cute girl with blonde hair, who had a variety of stock and dandaws that fairly took his breath away. By heck, said he, if a gal can run a bigger, better and brighter store than I can, I'm goin' to quit business. Yes, his vanity sure was injured.

**MISTAKEN NOTION**

Mistress—"Are you married?"

Maid—"No, ma'am. I bumped into a door."

**DEFINING THEM**

(By Lieut. Frank H. Borden, U. S. A.)

At a flying field in a southern city, a couple of darkies, employed on construction work, were airing their knowledge as to things aeronautical.

"I know all about dese here airships," said one, "but jes' one thing. What am struts?"

"Struts," retorted the other scornfully, "am what dem new second lieutenants has got."

**A New Portrait**

Of You Would Please  
Them at Home.



*Make the Appointment Today*

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Next to Princess Theatre

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from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. except 2:00 p.m. Also at 6:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. On Sundays at 9:00, 10:30, and 11:00 a.m. 1:00 p.m. and every hour until 6:00 p.m. 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.

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**THE BUSY CORNER**

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

**A GOOD SHOW AT THE MAJESTIC**

The management of the Majestic Theatre announces an extra good show for next week, and has secured the Wills Musical Comedy Co., as the attraction. This show has a reputation far ahead of the rest and their productions will compare favorably with many high-priced attractions now touring the country. The opening bill presented by this company is the well-known comedy, "The Two Old Cronies," a play that has made millions laugh. Besides the play a number of high-class vaudeville acts are carried, and are interspersed through the action of the play. They have a number of good comedians that are the most valued asset to a musical show, a classy singing and dancing chorus of pretty girls, with an elaborate array of wardrobe and special scenic and electric effects, the company will present an entire change of program on Wednesday and Friday, with the musical comedy new motion pictures are also presented. There are matinees given daily at 3:30, and two complete shows at night, 7:45 and 9:15.

**HE GOT THE JOB**

Ex-soldier answering advertisement for cook—I'd like to apply for the job, sir.

Hotel Man—What can you cook?

Ex-soldier—Anything sir. I used to cook in the army.

Hotel Man—Well, how do you make hash?

Ex-soldier—You don't make it, it just accumulates.—Carry on.

**MAJESTIC THEATRE, ALL NEXT WEEK****WILLS MUSICAL COMEDY CO.**

Matinee DAILY, 3:30—15 & 25c

NIGHT, 7:45-9:15—30c.

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GIRLS

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SINGING  
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# "SMILEAGE"

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A BANK ACCOUNT THAT KEEPS A FELLOW SMILING—AND WE CONFESS THAT WE DON'T BLAME HIM. FOR THERE'S GENUINE JOY IN A BANK ACCOUNT, OF A SAFETY.

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DISTRIBUTORS

## TWO POINTS OF VIEW

### 1. HIS SENTIMENTS.

You sing a little song or two,  
You have a little chat,  
You make a little candy fudge,  
And then you take your hat.

You hold her hand and say "Good-bye,"

As sweetly as you can—  
Ain't that a hell of an evening  
For a great big healthy man?

### 11. HER SENTIMENTS.

You play for his squawky tenor,

You spill fudge on your second-best frock;

You smother your yawns behind your hand

And try not look at the clock.

You listen to baseball dope and slang

'Till your head is a perfect whirl—  
Ain't that a hell of an evening  
For a nice intelligent girl?

—*Contr., P. C. O.*

## SAFETY FIRST

The Corporal (who had proposed and accepted, interview her father).

"I love your daughter, sir, but there is one thing I want to make sure of before I ask for her hand. Is there any insanity in your family?"

Girl's Father—"No, there isn't, and furthermore, there isn't going to be any, either."

## WEAR RUBBER HEELS

Rubber heels add to the life of your shoes — keep the continuous jar off your spine, add to your comfort in general. Those who walk a great deal will find rubber heels a real blessing. Let us attach rubber heels to your shoes.

## CHAMPION SHOE HOSPITAL

6 Government St. L. F. Gooley, Prop.

(Continued from Page 6.)

G, 366 Inf.; Sgt. Major T. M. Maloney, 22 Engrs.; Pvt. Elmer Miche, Co. D, 9 Pion. Inf.; Pvt. Leonard Stapp, Co. C, 132 Engrs.; Pvt. Mose Shivers, Co. B, 304 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Ernest B. Harris, 811 Pion. Inf.; Jvt. Johnnie Woods, Co. D, 544 Engrs.; Pvt. John Brown, Co. B, 316 F. A.; Pvt. Jim Brown, Co. D, 539 Engrs.; Pvt. Esley W. Washington, Co. I, 9 Prov. Regt.; Pvt. John Whitley, Supp. Co., 61 Inf.; Pvt. Mike Shook, Co. G, 23 Inf.; Pvt. Leo Gurvin, Co. 3, 152 Depot Brig. Sgt. J. M. Inman, Casual Co., Q. M. C.; Pvt. Wm. A. Gross, Casual; Pvt. S. Nearman; Pvt. S. Nearman, 315th F. A.; Pvt. 1st C. Homer R. Ballinger, 115th Engrs.; Pvt. A. Romey, 515th Engrs.; Pvt. Jack Henry, 259th L. B.; Pvt. John E. Drewery, San. Corps.; Pvt. M. Hill, D. S. Co.; Pvt. E. Creed, 515th Engrs.; Pvt. A. Walker, T. C.; Pvt. Lewis Gibson, 307th L. B.; Pvt. A. Lester, 327th L. B.; Pvt. Erwin Russell, 808th Pion. Inf.; Pvt. George Harvey, 512th Engrs.; Pvt. Marshall Reddick, 320th L. B.; Pvt. Wm. A. Finch, 312th Serv. Co.; Pvt. T. E. Watson, P. E. S.; Pvt. Eddie Jones, 316th L. B.

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## “DADDY LONGLEGS”

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Incomparably the Greatest Pickford Picture Ever Made

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MARY PICKFORD IN DADDY LONGLEGS AT GALAX

One of the funniest of all humorous showings of Mary Pickford will be seen at the Galax next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, when that comedienne will appear in Daddy Longlegs. It is the story from the big Broadway success of that name, which tells of Judy the poor orphan, from her birth to her marriage to a rich man who sends her to college. Miss Pickford's portrayal of the funny little orphan with the freckled face is wonderfully done.

### THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY COOK

"There are all kinds of war heroes."

"True enough?"

"I just met one who should have been decorated."

"What for?"

"He holds the army record for flipping flapjacks."

One evening a farmer lay dying. His anxious wife was by his bedside weeping.

"Maria," said the farmer, "I have one last request to make of you."

"What is it, Hiram?" said his wife.

"I want you to bury my Ford car with me," he answered.

"That's queer, why do you want your Ford car to be buried with you?" asked his wife.

"Well, Maria," he said. "It's pulled me out every hole I ever got into yet."

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On Tap, at the Wildwood Cabin, across the Road from the Tents.  
The Nearest Thing to the Real Thing.

CIGARETTES, CIGARS, TOBACCO, SANDWICHES  
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### *Are you getting a furlough soon? Or, maybe your discharge?*

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Japanese Matting and Cane Suitcases, from	\$1.25 to \$8.50
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*Bon Marche*

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how much a good business training would mean to you when you return to civilian life? Our appointment by the Government as a Vocational Training School, speaks eloquently of the character of work we are doing. Special rates of tuition to men who have been in the Service. For particulars call or write

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Don't talk about hard times and the difficulty of landing a good position. Uncle Sam, the biggest, fairest and squarest employer in the world, has just the place all waiting for you with the Medical Department of the army.

What if your arm is still stiff from that wound they handed you in Flanders, or your eyesight impaired from that bursting shell in the Argonne and you are disqualified for the dough-boys? Try the Medics—they need brave and courageous men, and the physical requirements are easier.

It is the second highest branch of the service.

### Think of the Advantages Offered You

In civilian life you deduct food, quarters, clothing and entertainment from your pay. With the Medical Corps you deduct—NOTHING—from your pay. Uncle Sam furnishes all that along with salary. Make a comparison.

The peace-time army differs vastly from the war-time army.

You are certain of your job from day to day.

**Don't Worry—Join the Medical Corps and Let Uncle Sam Do It**

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL